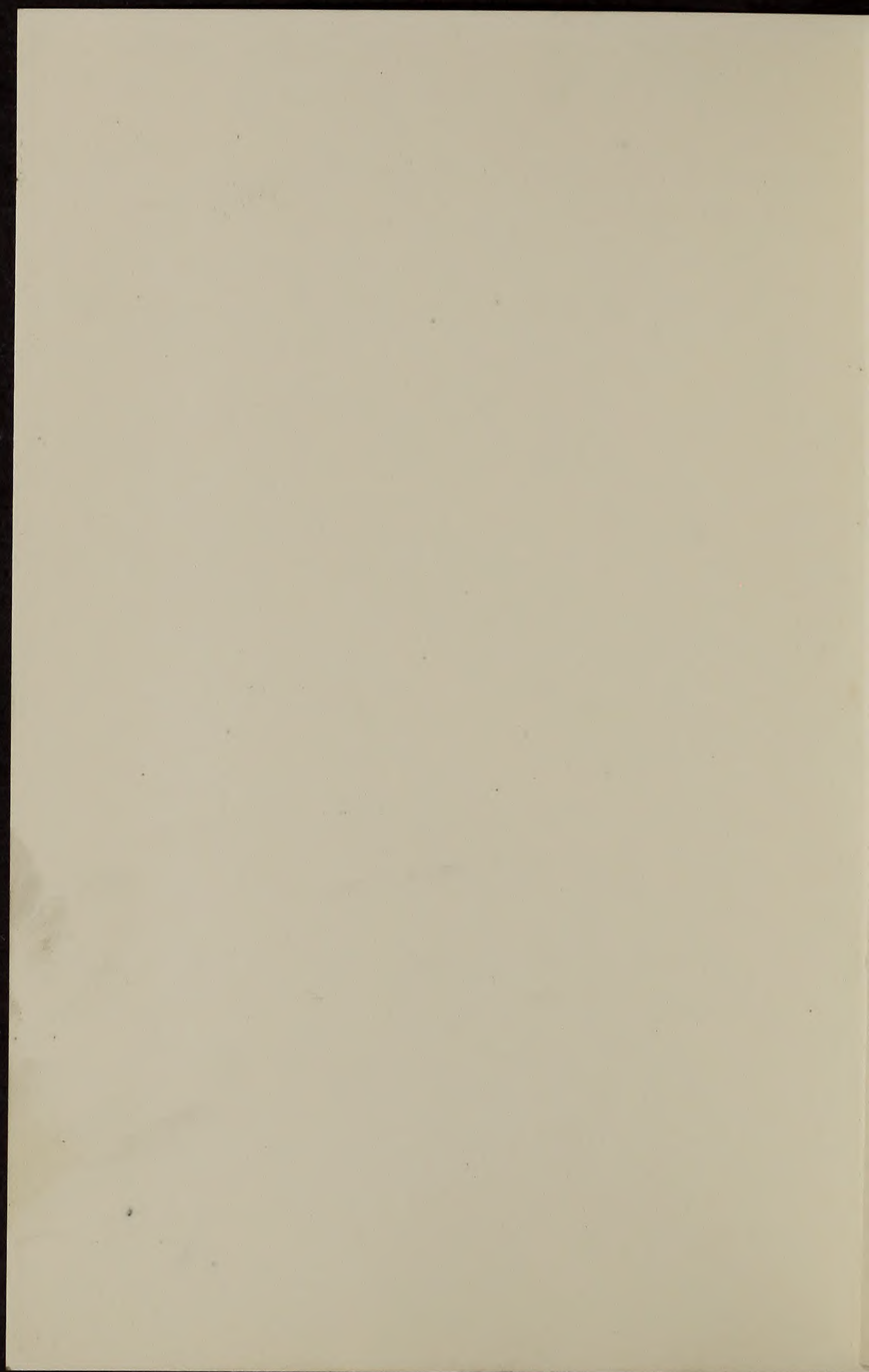




MUSIC

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

23RD MARCH, 1909



I.

VIOLIN SOLO.

Souvenir de Moscow - *Wieniawski*

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

2.

ARIA.

Couplets du Mysoli - - - *F. David*
(*La Perle du Brésil*)

MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE.

COUPLETS DU MYSOLI - - - *F. David.*

Thou charming bird, so lightly swaying
Upon yonder bough so high,
Brilliant colours of thy plumage,
Blend with the azure of the sky.
Upon the stem adorned with blossoms
More sparkling thou, more full of light,
Thy shining wings so closely folded,
Are like the Rainbow glowing bright;
Thy songs arise and fill the skies.

When in the nest all soft and downy
Reposes his mate so dear,
Then, while the breeze doth rock her gently,
He warbles love songs sweet and clear.
'Mid perfume of the brightest flowers,
Their days in rapture pass away;
And, shaded by the branches verdant,
All happy are their strains so gay;
Their songs arise and fill the skies.

SONGS.

- (a) None but a lonely heart *Tschaikowsky*
 (b) Don Juan's Serenade - -

MR. IVOR FOSTER.

- (a) NONE BUT A LONELY HEART - *Tschaikowsky*

None but a lonely heart can know this anguish,
 How of all joy bereft, I long and languish ;
 Upon the firmament I gaze and wonder ;
 Ah ! from my heart's beloved I dwell asunder.
 None but a lonely heart can know this anguish,
 How of all joy bereft, I long and languish.
 Alone from all I love I dwell asunder ;
 My senses fail, a burning fire consumes me,
 None but a lonely heart can know this anguish.

(b) DON JUAN'S SERENADE - - -

O'er the distant Alpujaras,
Falls the darkening veil of night :
With my mandoline I call thee,
Then come forth my heart's delight
Thou of maids art queen and peerless ;
Whoso dares my words gainsay,
I defy to combat fearless,
Death the insult shall repay.

The earth has its flowers, the sky has its moon,
Come forth, O Nisetta, and list to my lay.

Now from Seville to Granada,
'Neath the silent light of stars,
Clash of swords, and tender ditty,
Mingle fiercely love and war.
Ah ! ye fair ones at your casements,
Lives of men for you are shed ;
As for me, I'd pour my life-blood,
Thou the prize, I know not dread.

The earth has its flowers, the sky has its moon,
Come forth, O Nisetta, and list to my lay.

4.

SONG.

When Myra Sings - - - *A. L.*

MISS LOUISE DALE.

WHEN MYRA SINGS - - - - *A. L.*

When Myra sings we seek the enchanting sound,
And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound ;
What music needs must dwell upon that tongue
Whose speech is tuneful as another's song !
Such harmony ! such wit ! a face so fair !
So many pointed arrows who can bear !
The slave that from her wit and beauty flies,
If he but hears that siren's voice he dies !

George Granville.

5.

VIOLIN SOLOS.

(a) Chant de Veslemöy - *Halvorsen*

(b) Minuet - - - *Mozart*

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

6.

SONG.

Sérénade - - - - Gounod

MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE.

(*Violin Obligato by MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.*)

SÉRÉNADE - - - - Gounod

Quand tu chantes bercée le soir, entre mes bras ;
Entends-tu ma pensée qui te répond tout bas
Ton doux chant me rappelle les plus beaux de mes jours ;
Ah ! chantez, chantez, ma belle, chantez, chantez toujours.

Quand tu ris, sur ta bouche l'amour s'épanouit,
Et soudain le farouche soupçon s'évanouit,
Ah ! le rire fidèle prouve un cœur sans détours ;
Ah ! riez, riez, ma belle, riez, riez toujours.

Quand tu dors calme et pure dans l'ombre, sous mes yeux,
Ton haleine murmure des mots harmonieux ;
Ton beau corps se révèle sans voile et sans atours,
Ah ! dormez, dormez, ma belle, dormez, dormez toujours.

SONGS.

- (a) Kashmiri Song *Amy Woodforde-Finden*
 (b) Glorious Devon - *Edward German*

MR. IVOR FOSTER.

- (a) KASHMIRI SONG - *Amy Woodforde-Finden*

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
 Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?
 Whom do you lead on raptures roadway far,
 Before you agonize them in farewell?
 Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
 Where are you now? Where are you now?

Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float
 On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
 I would have rather felt you round my throat,
 Crushing out life than waving me farewell;
 Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
 Where are you now? Where lies your spell?

Laurence Hope.

(b) GLORIOUS DEVON - - - *Edward German*

Coombe and Tor, green meadow and lane,
Birds on the waving bough,
Beetling cliffs by the surging main,
Rich red loam for the plough ;
Devon's the fount of the bravest blood,
That braces England's breed,
Her maidens fair as the apple bud,
And her men are men indeed.
When Adam and Eve were dispossess'd
Of the garden hard by heaven,
They planted another one down in the west,
'Twas Devon, glorious Devon.

Spirits of old-world heroes wake,
By river and cove and hoe,
Grenville, Hawkins, Raleigh and Drake,
And a thousand more we know.
To ev'ry land the wide-world o'er,
Some slips of the old stock roam,
Leal friends in peace, dread foes in war,
With hearts still true to home.
Old England's counties by the sea,
From East to West are seven,
But the gem of that fair galaxy
Is Devon, glorious Devon.

Dorset, Somerset, Cornwall, Wales,
May envy the likes of we,
For the flower of the West, the first, the best,
The pick of the bunch us be.
Squab pie, junket, and cyder brew,
Richest of cream from the cow,
What 'ud Old England without 'em do ;
And where 'ud 'un be to now ?
As crumpy as a lump of lead
Be a loaf without good leaven,
And the yeast Mother England do use for her bread
Be Devon, glorious Devon.

8.

SONGS.

(a) Songs my Mother taught me *Dvoràk*

(b) A Fairy Song - *Joan Trevalsa*

MISS LOUISE DALE.

(a) SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME - *Devorak*

Songs my mother taught me
In the days long vanish'd;
Seldom from her eyelids
Were the teardrops banish'd.

Now I teach my children
Each melodious measure,
Oft the tears are flowing
From my mem'ry's treasure.

(b) A FAIRY SONG - - - *Joan Trevalsa*

When, clear against the summer sky,
The stars, like silver birds, appear,
The dear old days come back to me,
I feel their joyous moments near ;
Each leaf that trembles in the wind
Tells of the past, and soon, Ah ! soon
The happy Fairies come again,
Rocked in the Cradle of the Moon !

One little maid lets down her hair,
And the twilight fills the earth !
One little lad, so sweet and fair,
Smiles, and the world has mirth !
Two little men, with tiny hands,
Play with a toy balloon—
And the old man laughs as he gently rocks
The Cradle of the Moon !

When, blown by every passing breeze,
The deep blue curtain of the night
Shakes slowly down the starry sky,
The old Earth thrills with new delight !
The little clouds swim East to West,
In rainbow-tinted colours strewn,—
And all the happy Fairies come
Rocked in the Cradle of the Moon !

One little maid, etc.

Fred G. Bowles.

9.

VIOLIN SOLOS.

- | | | | | |
|-----|----------|---|---|---------------------|
| (a) | Serenade | - | - | <i>Drigo - Auer</i> |
| (b) | Habanera | - | - | <i>Sarasate</i> |

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

DUETS.

(a) Belle Nuit - - - *Offenbach*
(Les Contes d'Hoffman)

(b) L'Ane - - - *Messenger*
(Veronique)

MISS LOUISE DALE & MR. IVOR FOSTER.

(a) BELLE NUIT - - - *Offenbach*

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour
 Souris à nos ivresses,
 Nuit plus douce que le jour
 O belle nuit d'amour !
 Le temps fuit et sans retour,
 Emporte nos tendresses,
 Loin de cet heureux séjour
 Le temps fuit sans retour.
 Zéphirs embrassés
 Versez-nous vos caresses ;
 Zéphirs embrasez
 Donnez-nous vos baisers
 Versez-nous vos baisers
 Oh ! belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour, &c , &c.

(b) L'ANE - - - - -

Trot here and there,
Take care, take care.
Never slipping,
Never tripping,
Dear little donkey
Trotting here and there,
Take care! take care!
A bunch of carrots soon shall be your fare.

Helene I feel so happy all the while
That I could laugh without knowing why!

Florestan Somehow when I see her smile,
Very sad and mournful am I,

Helene And the donkey is such a dear
But capricious I'm afraid.

Florestan It is less capricious though I fear,
Than one coquettish little maid!

Both Trot here and there, &c., &c.

Helene I have robbed the fields of many a treasure,
Blossoms fair and sweet to smell,

Florestan And with a greed beyond all measure,
She has plucked my heart as well,

Helene Buttercups, they fade for-thirst
And poppies drooping with the heat,

Florestan I'd like to question first the petals of the
marguerite!

Trot here and there, &c., &c.

AT THE PIANOFORTE :

MR. F. A. SEWELL.

